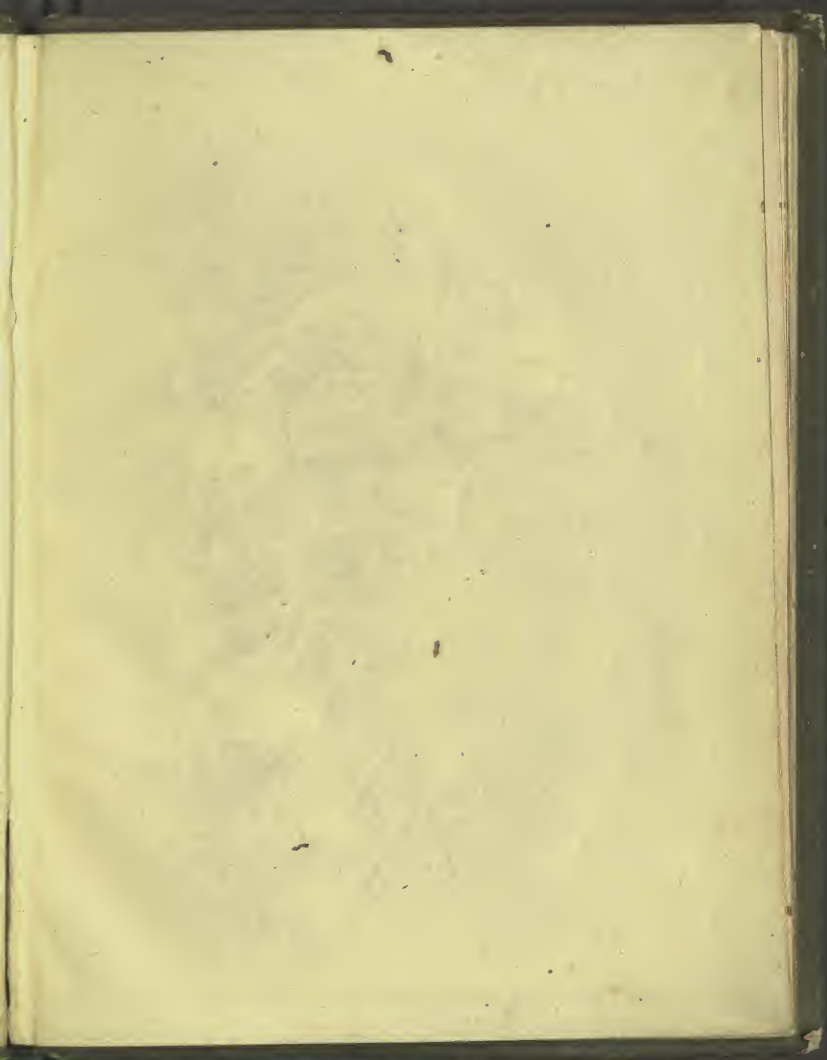




10/16/10

51 -





*Painted by W. H. MASON, Royal Academy of Arts, St. George Street, Brighton.*

FLORA AND POMONA'S FÊTE,  
OR THE  
BOTANICAL AND HORTICULTURAL  
MEETING.

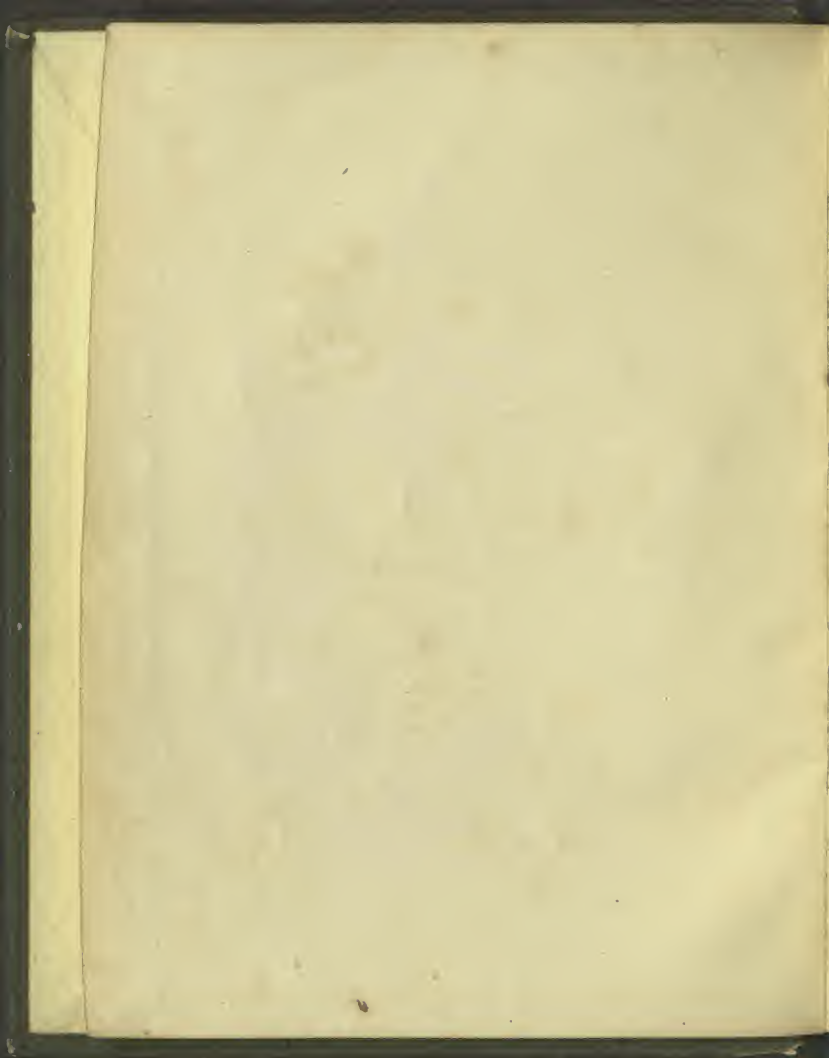
A POEM, IN TWO PARTS,  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE  
FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES OF ENGLAND.  
BY ELIZABETH STEELE PERKINS.

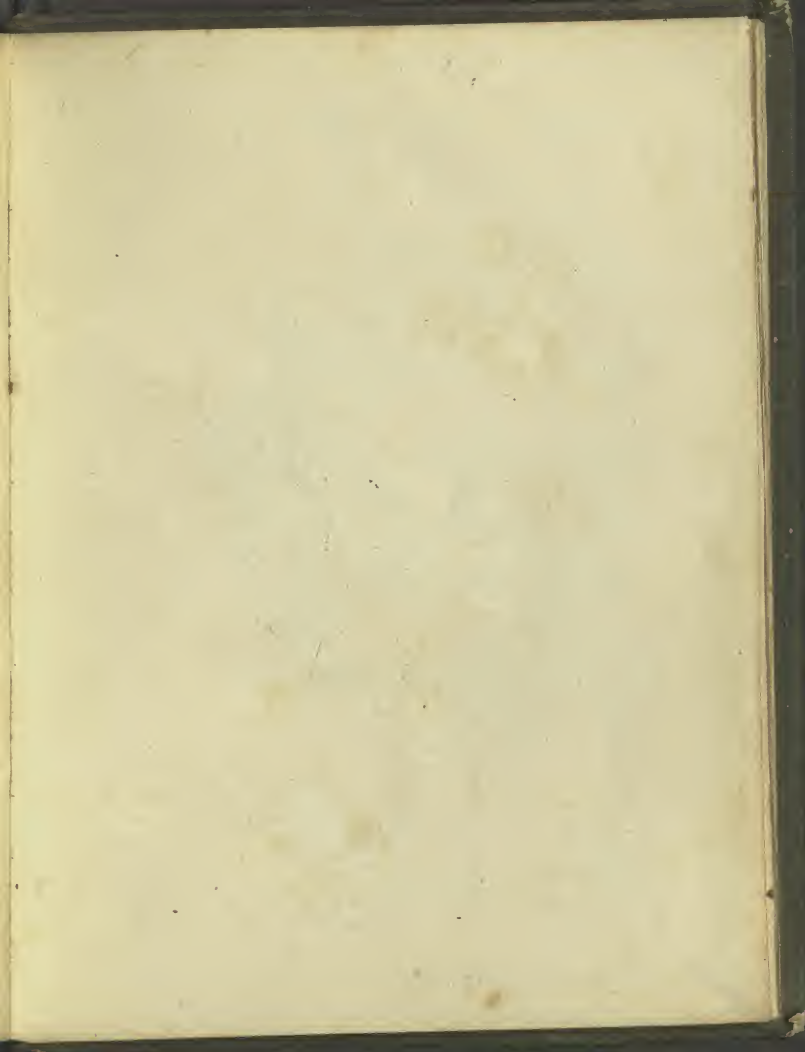
---

THE SIXTH EDITION, WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

---

BRIGHTON:  
W. H. MASON, REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SHIP STREET.  
LONDON:  
MESSRS. ACKERMAN AND CO. AND MR. CHARLES TILT.  
1838.





Brighton:  
Printed by Richard Sickelmore,  
45, High Street.



## FLORA'S FÊTE.



At the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's fête  
There was much to be seen and as much to relate;  
But the Beauties of Flora were none of them there,  
Tho' kindly they lent their perfume to the air:  
The Goldress resolv'd that the insects should find  
She deem'd them ungrateful as well as unkind;  
Her anger was rous'd, and she vow'd, in her *Rose*,  
No Beetle or Moth that night should repose:  
And an order went out to the well-known *Blue Bells*  
To say, they must shut up those little hotels.  
Some nettles she took to the Butterfly's bower,  
(For she thought he'd return to his fav'rite flower)  
And conceal'd them where *Roses* and *Eglantines* meet,  
To sting with due vengeance, his wings and his feet.

The *Rose*, she protected with numerous thorns,  
 And some of her *flowers* were guarded by horns ;  
 Whilst others she powder'd, in order to see,  
 Should they dare to receive any insect or Bee.  
 The *Lily*, that sweet little belle of the *vale*,  
 Then hung down her head and grew pensive and pale ;  
 For she knew that her bank was a fav'rite place  
 With many of those that were now in disgrace.  
 Flora car'd not about all the Grasshopper clan,  
 Cried, "mean little creatures, so trod on by man !  
 " Both you and the Glow-worm may go home together,  
 " Like watchmen proclaiming the hour and the weather ;  
 " But since Bayly once said, ' He'd a Butterfly be,'  
 " That gay rover respects not my subjects nor me.  
 " Yet all day o'er my flow'rets he flutters his wings,  
 " 'And he sleeps in my Rose, when the nightingale sings.' "

Now having completed her bus'ness on earth,  
 When the nettles were placed in the Butterfly's berth ;  
 " Ere the watchman (the Glow-worm) appear'd with his  
     light,  
 " Or ev'ning gave place to the shadows of night,"

Away ! to the Goddess Pomona, she flew,  
 Who was painting some beautiful *Fruit*, as it grew ;  
 Her tale she related, with pitiful tone,  
 And the wrongs of Pomona were join'd to her own ;  
 Shall our beauties, she said, in the desert air waste,  
 Because mortals on earth are deficient in taste ?  
 Whilst the Grasshopper's feast and the Butterfly's ball  
 Will long be the theme of the great and the small ?  
 And the dresses that shone at Sir Argus's rout,  
 (Tho' pawn'd, if not borrow'd, I feel little doubt)  
 Are blazon'd about, as so rich and so splendid !  
 I'm sure *we have* cause to be hurt and offended ;  
 Our colours are bright, and more beautiful too !  
 And I won't be outdone, Great Pomona, will you ?  
 New beauties for earth, like new Peers, we'll create,  
 And then let us give a magnificent Fête !!  
 Queen Pomona agreed, and sent invitations  
 To various provinces, kingdoms and nations ;  
 And Flora announc'd, they should both meet together  
 On a certain fix'd day, spite of wind or of weather.  
 Horticulture and Botany join'd hand in hand,  
 Was the seal, on the cards, that went out thro' the land.

All the answers arriv'd, and with little delay ;  
 A few were engag'd out to dinner that day,  
 But most that were ask'd, were too happy to come,  
 Tho' several regretted they could not leave home.  
 The *Apple*, as usual, was still in the *straw*,  
 And her *Nonpareil* partner had made it a law,  
 That he never would leave her, when that was the case ;  
 And the *Codlin*, of *Carlisle*, had then a *swell'd face*.  
 The *Bergamot Pear* could not travel at all,  
 On account of a bruise he receiv'd in a fall ;  
 And a sad invalid was the sweet *Chaumontelle*,  
 For the climate was cold, and she did not feel well.  
 Old *Asparagus* too was afraid of the weather,  
 Altho' it was said, that she look'd in *high feather* :  
 Captains *Carrot* and *Parsnip* were living in camp,  
 And suffering much from confinement and damp.  
 Mrs. *Artichoke* felt quite too old to appear,  
 And Miss *Onion* was laid on the shelf for the year,  
 Indeed, having often been shunn'd at a rout,  
 She determin'd, in public, no more to go out.  
 Mr. *Cabbage* detain'd by a tailor at home,  
 Felt great disappointment, that he could not come.

The *Turnips* were ill, their disease was the fly—  
 'Twas generally thought, they were likely to die.  
 Doctor *Camomile* had a few patients to see,  
 But would hasten his visits, and drop in to *tea*.  
 The *Myrtle* must go to a marriage that morn,  
 With the sweet *Orange Blossoms*, a bride to adorn.  
 The *Rocket* engaged to a fête at Vauxhall :  
*London Pride* would have come, but *Pride* met with  
                   his fall.

The *Mimulus*\* vowed he'd not go for a bribe,  
 For a *Monkey*, they call'd him, or one of that tribe ;  
 And the *Sensitive Plant* too, had taken offence—  
 She's apt to be *touchy*, altho' she has *sense*.  
 The *Balm* was too high her relations to meet,  
 Because, she had *bought Gilead House* for her seat,  
 But should *Flora*, near *Liverpool*, visit old *Neptune*,  
 She would find at her house, a most *cordial* reception.  
 There were several others, gone out, for the season,  
 And they begg'd to decline, on account of this reason ;

\* The *Mimulus*, vulgarly called the *Monkey Plant*.

But the Goddess, who long o'er the garden has sway'd,  
 Bid many return, and of course was obey'd.

It would take a whole volume, or more, to relate  
 One-half of the dresses prepar'd for the fête.  
 What Sunbeams were sent out in every direction,  
 With colours, with velvets and hats for selection ;  
 What flow'ring, what trimming and spangling too !  
 And embroid'ring ! such as no fingers can do !  
 Even Carson herself, in her very best day,  
 Could never compete with old Sol, in this way ;  
 And oft, when some beautiful colour she'd show,  
 If he peep'd thro' the window, 'twas certain to go !  
 But she bore all his thieving with very good humour,  
 Because he made fashions, for Winter and Summer.

On a beautiful morn, in the month of July,  
 When the Sun's golden rays had illumin'd the sky,  
 And dried all the tears and the dew-drops away,  
 Which Evening had shed at the parting of Day,



Queen Flora was seen, to our region descending,  
 The hours, and Summer with garlands attending.  
 In a gossamer car, she was borne from above  
 By the Zephyrs, that fly on the pinions of love ;  
 And the trees of the wood, the corn and the rye,  
 All gracefully bent, as the Goddess flew by ;  
 Their little red banners, the *Poppies* unfurl'd,  
 For gladness and joy seem'd to reign in the world.  
 Then the lark rose to meet her, and welcome the day,  
 And the praise of her flow'rets he caroll'd away ;  
 He warbled their message of thanks, to the Sun,  
 And begg'd him to shine, till their gala was done :  
 For St. Swithin had come down, the morning before,  
 To christen the fruit, that the Apple-tree bore,  
 And they very much fear'd, if they saw him again,  
 He might sprinkle their beautiful garments with rain.

An Emerald garden the Queen had selected,  
 And thither the car, and the Zephyrs directed,  
 And there, were her Gnomes and old Mercury sent,  
 To stretch out the wings of her elegant tent.

Sweet Flora was drest in cerulean blue,  
 With a cestus of gold and bespangled with dew ;  
 A wreath of wild flowers, which fairies had made,  
 Encircled her forehead and twin'd in her braid :  
 And *Venus's Looking-glass* hung very near,  
 To make her great beauty more lovely appear ;  
 Her own *Crown Imperial* lay at her feet,  
 The *Noli me tangere* guarded her seat,  
 And a *Dog-Rose* was planted just outside the gate,  
 To frighten intruders away from the fête.

Her chamberlain *Zephyrus*, then had the honour,  
 To present all the *Flowers* that waited upon her ;  
 Whilst *Lavender* stood at the front of the door,  
 To keep order, and take all the tickets they bore :  
 And a troop of fine *Dahlias* placed in a row,  
 On each side of the tent, made a very bright show ;  
 The Band was as usual conducted and led  
 By the *Trumpeter Woodbine* drest out in his red ;  
 And under a *Flag*, looking lanky and taper,  
 Stood *Jonquil*, to write a report for the paper.



The pride of the Garden, a *Rose* in full bloom,  
 Was the first of the guests that now enter'd the room,  
 Flora started, surprised at such beauty terrestrial,  
 And dropt from her bosom, her own *Rose Celestial*;  
 And so much delight did the Goddess evince,  
 That she made Miss *Rose blush*, and she's blush'd ever  
 since.

Lord *Geranium* came next, and excited much wonder  
 At the *belles* that he brought and his family *number*;  
 All *Lordlings* and *Ladies* and *Admirals* some!  
 And *Commanders-in-Chief*! (but these last didn't  
 come);

The Ladies were lovely, so lowly and bending,  
 'Twas charming to see such *high rank* condescending;  
 Then follow'd the stately *Camellia* clan,  
 Who a few years ago, arriv'd from Japan;  
 Such elegant flowers we rarely have seen,  
 And their beauty was highly extoll'd by the Queen,  
 Sir *Pyrus Japonica* came with 'em too;  
 A *Campanula* follow'd as usual in blue.  
 A red-headed *Coxcomb*—a rude, forward fellow!  
 Next push'd in his way, before Miss *Gentianella*;

And a *Lily* from Guernsey came after him stalking,  
 And lean'd on a stick, as if tir'd of walking.  
 A *Cactus* in pink, then appear'd in her pride,  
 With *Speciosissimus* close to her side ;  
 And the *Crassula* bringing her choicest perfume,  
 With the *Heliotrope*, perfectly scented the room.  
 The *single Rose Briar* came in with *Sweet Pea*,  
 And they felt some *attachment*, one plainly might see ;  
 But Major *Convolvulus* clung to Miss *Rose*,  
 To whom he is partial, as ev'ry one knows.  
 The *Panseys*, in deep purple velvet, were drest,  
 With bright yellow satin composing their vest,  
 They used to be reckon'd quite vulgar and mean,  
 But are now, in good company, constantly seen.  
 A *Rose* and a *Shamrock* and *Thistle* invited,  
 Came, like three loving sisters together united ;  
 The *Clarkia*, *Eschscholtzia*, and *Salvias* follow,  
 With *Daphne*, who's said to have fled from Apollo.  
 Then, a nymph, drest in scarlet, the pretty *Verbena*,  
 'Twas her first coming out, in Fashion's Arena,  
 She was thought very charming, and much more refin'd  
 Than the *Belle of the City*, where Becket's enshrined,

Who was next usher'd in with some more of her order,  
 The band playing "*Blue Bonnets* over the border."  
 The *Pale Primrose* for once had deserted her glade,  
 Where retiring and modest she blooms in the shade.  
 The *Violet* had left the green bank, in the woods,  
 And the great *Water Lily*, her throne on the floods.  
 From Lincolnshire's fens, came the *Marsh-loving Mallow*;  
 From her Palace of Crystal the wonderful *Aloe* !  
 Some would not believe it and many felt doubt,  
 For not *twice* in a century will *she come out*.\*  
*Sir Buck-bean* was call'd from his peaceful retreat,  
 On the Banks of the Lakes is his fav'rite seat—  
 He came up by water (objecting to steam),  
 And his green boat was row'd by the Sun's pilot Beam.  
 The *Ericas* were summon'd to leave the lone wild  
 Where neglected they liv'd, and in solitude smil'd,  
 And deck'd in new colours look'd lovely and gay,  
 And by far the most beauteous *belles* of the day.  
 Their neighbour *the Gorse*, who is *rich* we are told,  
 Came with them, and wore his best doublet of gold ;

\* The *Aloe* flowers but once in a hundred years.

Now greatly preferring the Court to the Dingle,  
 He vows that no longer he means to be single.†  
 Then the *Hyacinths* followed (the pride of the Dutch),  
 The *Illustrious Beauty*, and little *Nonsuch*,  
 The *Ranunculas* tribe, and *Anemonies* too  
 In dresses of purple, red, crimson and blue—  
*Narcissus* mov'd in with her elegant stoop,  
 In a gold colour'd toque and she sported a hoop;  
 Her dress *Soleil d'Or* and the garniture round,  
 Compos'd of green leaves, on a very dark ground:  
 In pity, we hope she's not fond of reflexion,  
 As her ancestor was, (she's a *sallow* complexion).  
*Nasturtium* who boasts that he *runs* very fast  
 Set out after *Glycine* and found himself last—  
 As the fable relates that the Tortoise by *creeping*  
 Arriv'd at the goal, whilst the fleet hare was sleeping.  
 Sweet *Columbine* clad in her usual costume,  
 And the *Tulip*, as Harlequin, enter'd the room:

† The double-flowering Gorse is becoming an universal favourite on Lawns and in Shrubberies.

*Cynoglossum*, who wore a more delicate hue,  
 And was rather admired, altho' *a bas bleu*.  
 With a *Traveller's* joy came the pretty *Schizanthus*,  
 The *Delphinium* in white and a Mr. *Dianthus* :  
*Carnations*, *Bizarres*, and a *Pink*, like a Fairy,  
 With the *Dwarf Marigold* and the little *Rose Mary*.  
*Old Honesty* came with the *Stocks* from their bank ;  
*Herb Christopher* too, with Sir *Lupine* Cruickshank.  
 The *Amaranth* follow'd, still bearing his Plume,  
 And the black ey'd *Hybiscus*, in beautiful bloom.  
 Then a member appear'd not a Whig nor a Tory,  
 But annex'd to his name is a very old story ;  
 Half his dress was of red with the other part white,  
 Yet the colours were blended and seem'd to unite :  
 And he certainly does what no other can do,  
 For he represents *York* and *Lancaster* too.\*  
 Next came the *Blue* Doctor, the famous old *Squills*,  
 Who never gives med'cine, but what he *distils* ;  
 A friend to the bottle, a noted old quack,  
 Who cures the deep cough, and the phthisical hack.

\* The York and Lancaster Rose.

The *Auriculas*, children of April and May,  
 Then approach'd the great Goddess their devoirs to pay.  
 Some were formal and upright and bore a long name,  
 They have *Pillurs of Beauty* and *Pillars of Fame* ;  
 They are Knights, they are Heroes, and Conquerers too,  
 And we constantly hear, of some title that's new.  
 The most noted wore Powder, and those with bright eyes  
 Had just been at a contest and borne off the Prize.  
 The little *Miss Daisies* look'd simple and sweet  
 In their small yellow caps, trimm'd with Fringes so neat ;  
 Their forms are like Fairies, altho' rustic graces,  
 And the soft smile of Innocence, plays on their faces.  
 Flora gave them that smile when she bid them to grow,  
 And she strew'd them for innocent Childhood below.  
 The *Sunflower* which sprung from Clytia, they say,  
 Was brilliantly clad by the great Orb of Day ;  
 She wore his own colours, she borrow'd his rays,  
 And attached to the Sun, she speaks much in his praise.  
*Tigridia pavonia*,\* beautiful flower !  
 Came in splendid attire and staid but an hour,

\* The Mexican Tiger Flower, only blooms for a few hours.



Then put on her hood and she hasten'd away,  
 For she deem'd it *récherché*, to make a short stay.  
 † Sir *Hollyhock* rode from a neighbouring thicket,  
 He had put on his red and forgotten his ticket;  
 But he *brought out* the *Foxgloves* and when they were seen,  
 A gracious admission was sent from the Queen.  
 Then came *Lupins*, *Lobelias*, sweet *Mignonette*,  
 And various others whose names we forget.

The *Gum Cistus* was mourning, and dropping with dew,  
 And she sent her excuse by the *Cypress* and *Yew*.  
 Her blossoms were fair—but alas! the poor mother  
 Consign'd them to earth one after another:  
 Like many a flower, as pallid and pure,  
 With beauty too great in this world to endure;  
 Created in Eden and loving the light,  
 They droop in a day that is followed by night;  
 But gather'd by Angels, recover their bloom,  
 And all that is wither'd, they leave in the tomb.

† The late Master of the Quorndon Pack.

The *Snow-drop* and *Crocus*, who shone in their day,  
 Were, somehow or other, gone out of the way ;  
 They had both disappear'd, for they each lay in bed,  
 And their neighbours and friends suppos'd they were dead,  
 Till *Forget-me-not* said, that they bid her remember,  
 To expect them again, the last week in December.

A great many guests from America came,  
*Rhododendrons*, *Azalias*, too num'rous to name ;  
 From India, from China, and Africa too,  
 Arriv'd many beauties, that nobody knew.  
 The *Chrysanthemums*, *Asters*, and many, no doubt,  
 Much wish'd to be there, but they were not come out ;  
 And they and all others, that now were prevented,  
 Still hoped, for the honour of being presented.

---



## POMONA'S FÊTE.



We must now to Pomona's high temple repair,  
For the bountiful Goddess Pomona, was there,  
In ethereal robes, which the graces had wove,  
And as charming as Venus, the Goddess of Love.  
Sol lent her his chariot, the elements brought her  
The earth and the air, and the fire and the water !  
The *Orange* and *Citron* embower'd her seat,  
And Vertumnus stood by, with his horn at her feet,  
That horn, which he waves at her sov'reign command,  
Diffusing rich plenty all over our land ;  
*Royal Foresters* stood in detachments around,  
And some in the avenues, guarding the ground ;  
And gales of Ambrosia perfum'd the fresh air,  
Whilst Vertumnus announc'd all the names of the fair,

Who eager their dutiful homage to pay  
 Pass'd in rapid succession and splendid array.  
*Queen Pine* had the entrée, and came in great state,  
 As befitting her beauty, her rank and her *weight* ;  
 And she also brought with her a certain *Black Prince*, ||  
 Who's been very much talk'd of, and often *cut* since.  
 A large party were present from *Strawberry Hill*,  
 Where the host had declar'd, ev'ry *bed* he would fill ;  
 The *juvenile Keans*\* were in *scarlet* attired,  
 And thought *sweetly* pretty and all much admired ;  
 But their cousins, the *Wilmots*,† look'd truly *superb*,  
 " P'rhaps a little too large," said an old *Bitter Herb* ;  
 Their aunt *Carolina*‡ came in with them too,  
 And the Hero of Battle,§ who won Waterloo !  
 The Miss *Melons*, in number, at least half-a-dozen,  
 Beside *Cantaloupe*, and his awkward first cousin,

|| The Black Prince Pine.

* The Kean's Seedling,	} Strawberries.
† The Wilmot's Superb,	
‡ The Old Carolina,	
§ The Wellington,	

Whose name we scarce heard, but believe'twas *Pumpkin*—  
 (He reminded us much of a great country bumpkin.)  
 The *Grapes* hung together, and look'd *very fine* !  
 'Tis said they inherit their pride from the *Vine*.  
 And Sir *Apricot* left his abode at *Moor Park*,  
 To come to this meeting, by way of a lark.  
 Mrs. *Nectarine* too, with her pretty smooth skin,  
 Felt most happy, she said, " just to take a peep in,"  
 But a titter was rais'd at the sight of her face,  
 For the rouge had been laid too much in one place :  
 Mrs. *Peach*, tho' so lovely, had painted her cheeks,  
 And on one side, had plac'd, a few singular streaks ;  
 Notwithstanding all this, they both look'd very well,  
 And in shape and in goodness were thought to excel.  
 Th' *Impératrice Plum* came with six little pages,  
 All drest in light *green*, they were six Master *Gages* ;  
 And her nieces from *Orleans*, just now in their bloom,  
 Attracted the eyes of the whole of the room.  
 The *Cherry*, in black for his brother *Morello*,  
 Who had fallen a victim to brandy, poor fellow !  
 The *Gooseberry* follow'd, and so did the *Fig*,  
 And the *Raspberry*, wearing his very best wig :

Then enter'd the *Currants*, and blush'd very red—  
 'Twas distressing to see how they hung down the head,  
 For some of them finding all other trades fail,  
 Were reduc'd e'en to *rob*, and they now lay in jail!  
 Very late in the day, came the Lords *Magnum Bonum*,  
 And because they were *great* much attention was shown  
                   'em—

May their names and their virtues be ever *preserv'd*,  
 For a title so *good* was ne'er better deserv'd.  
 The *Nuts* and the *Walnuts* both travell'd from Kent,  
 And a neighbour (not ask'd) his best *Services* sent.  
 The *Mulberry* meant to have been at the *fête*,  
 But her dress was not ready, which made her too late.

The *Champion Potato* from Lancashire came,  
 Who had challeng'd all England, and not lost his fame :  
 A fat *Cucumber* follow'd, in green and in gold,  
 Seeming somewhat deform'd, and a little too old.  
 The *Bean* came from Windsor, and look'd very great,  
 Because he was living, in regions of state ;  
 Tho' he could not compete with his sisters from *France*,  
 Who were train'd to excel in the twirligig dance.

The *Mustard* and *Cress* and the *Lettuce* and *Beet*,  
 (Accustom'd so often at table to meet,)

All travell'd *en suite*, and Sir *Radish* forgot,  
 Then he mounted his *horse* and arriv'd very hot;  
 And after him came looking round and well-fed,  
 Most excellent *Cauliflower*, with his white head;  
 The report was too true, he was sorry to say,  
 Of his cousin, Miss *Broccoli*, running away.

The *Peas* arrived late, and assign'd as the reason,  
 They were only just come into town for the season.

The *Mushroom* who long for a cold kept her bed,  
 Was *forced* to appear with a hat on her head;  
 She seem'd to have *started* in terrible haste,  
 But when she is drest with most exquisite taste  
 She *shows* no haut ton—nor ever can do,—  
 For all the world knows, she's a mere *parvenu*.

The *Leek* came from Wales in his uniform gay  
 The same that he wears, on the jubilee day  
 When he represents Cambria's tutular Saint,  
 And some thought on the whole, that he look'd rather quaint.

Don *Garlick* stood nigh him, a native of Spain,  
 Who loves England so well, ~~where~~ he means to remain.

The Goddess receiv'd all her subjects with grace,  
 And assign'd to each beauty, her rank and due place :  
 On her right hand, she seated the famous *Queen Pine*,  
 On her left hand, she plac'd the fair fruit of the vine ;  
 The *Melons* were next to the *Grapes*, in high station,  
 And the *Peach*, and the *Nectarine*, both in rotation.  
 She condol'd with the *Cherry* the loss of his brother,  
 And to each of her guests she said something or other,  
 " And hoped they would often in future attend,  
 " At the summons that she and Queen Flora would send ;  
 " For in Summer and Autumn, they meant to unite,  
 " Their levees to hold and their subjects invite :  
 " And this was the spot, where they purpos'd to meet—  
 " 'Twas the Goddesses' choice, and a favour'd retreat.  
 " Competition for prizes, she said, was their will ;  
 " Some prizes for beauty and others for skill ;  
 " And so long as she reign'd over orchard and wood,  
 " She would ever promote what is useful and good !"

This speech was receiv'd, with applause by the crowd—  
 For Fruit is *most grateful*, it must be allow'd !



And the beautiful plants that were under the tent,  
Immediately offer'd a volume of *scent* !

Now Flora kept out, from the first to the least,  
All the Insects that went to the Grasshopper's feast ;  
But the Fly, in a passion determin'd to enter,  
Was caught, in a gossamer, hung in the centre,  
Where he buzz'd out invectives the rest of the day,  
And felt for his rashness, he dearly must pay ;  
Whilst the Gnats, on the Sunbeams, were dancing a reel,  
Too airy and light, their exclusion to feel.  
The Bee wanted honey and murmur'd about  
And wonder'd how flowers could go to a rout :  
The poor Butterfly droop'd and died the same day,  
For he fancied " all fair things had faded away :"  
The Wasp climb'd the window, notorious thief,  
And sat for awhile unperceiv'd on a leaf,  
But slyly he crept and he bit *Lady Grape*,  
And was trod under foot, ere he made his escape !  
Then the *Queen* of the *Fruit* was delighted to see  
They had murder'd the *Wasp*, and punish'd the *Bee*,

And Flora rejoic'd o'er the *Butterfly's* fall,  
 For she hated his pride, and remember'd his *Ball*.

The rest of the day was harmoniously spent—  
 For the Spheres, as a favour, their music had lent,  
 And groups of gay flowers were scatter'd around,  
 Whilst many paraded the beautiful ground ;  
 They danc'd in the breeze, looking lovely and sweet,  
 And seem'd to hold converse, delighted to meet,  
 For the language of Flora, e'er speaks to the heart,  
 'Tis a language of love, which no words can impart.  
 But the *Nightshade* was caught darting into the room,  
 With his poisonous vapours and poisonous gloom ;  
 And the *Night-blowing Cereus* beginning to yawn,  
 Gave a hint to her friends, that it soon would be dawn ;  
 Then they look'd at the *Thyme*, and they ask'd him to stay ;  
 The *Old Man* shook his head, and he hasten'd away :  
 So the Goddesses summon'd their car and withdrew,  
 And each Beauty returned to the place where she grew.



To Pomona and Flora, the theme of our song,  
May the Garden, of England, for ever belong,  
And their colours be seen by the sceptical eye,  
Which no longer the hand of a God can deny.  
Let ambition, *their seeds*, in this Fairy land sow,  
Where they'll never be blighted, but prosper and grow.  
The *Olive* is green, and if carefully nourish'd,  
The Branch will extend as our *Laurels* have flourish'd ;  
For the Sun of *Prosperity* shines on this land,  
And Content, Peace and Plenty should walk hand in hand.  
May each Cottager soon find repose at his door,  
When the toils of the day, and his labours, are o'er,  
Sitting under his Fig-tree, and under his *Vine*,  
As foretold in *The Book* which is *true* and *Divine*.



## ERRATA.

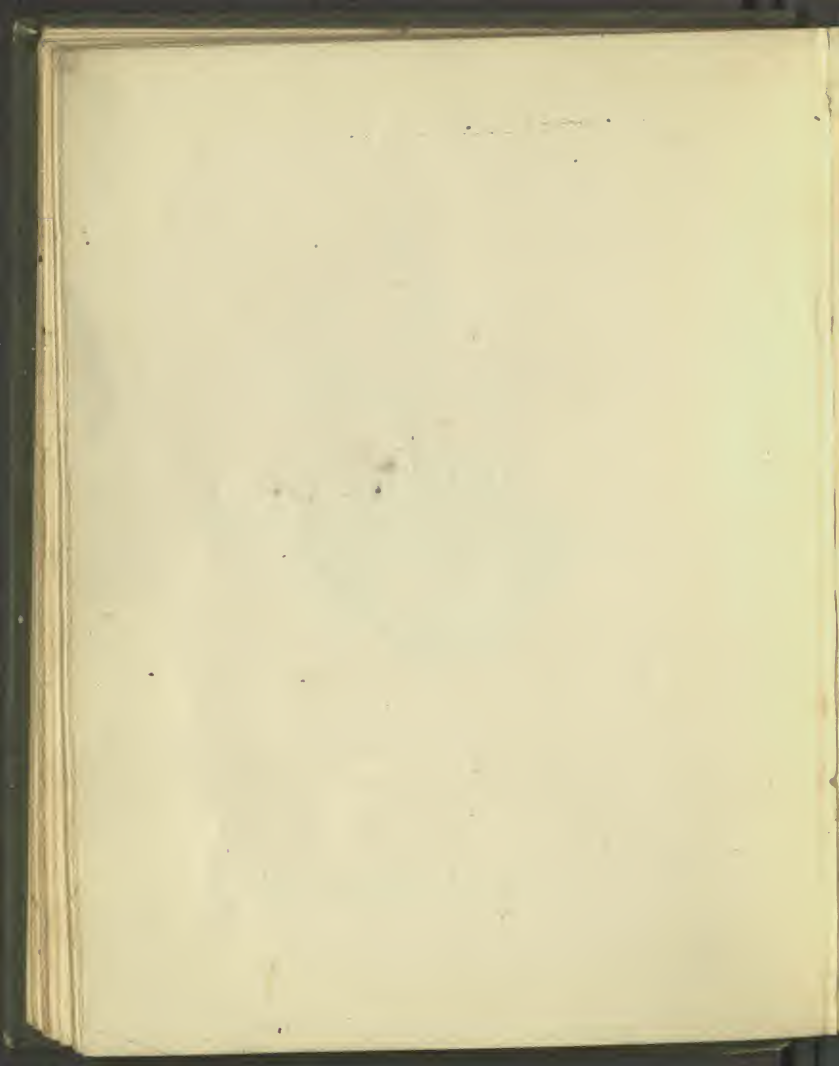
Page 4, line 4 from foot of the page, for "*plac'd*," read "*safe*."

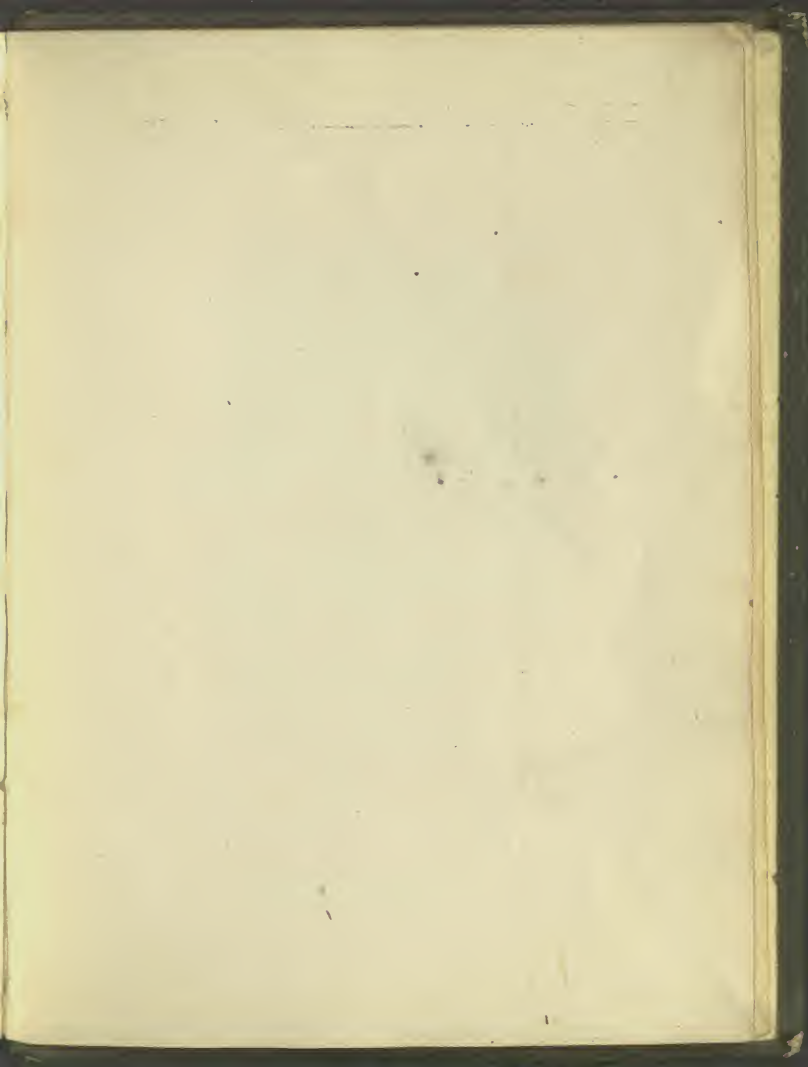
Page 14, line 2, for "*He vows*," read "*Avows*."

---

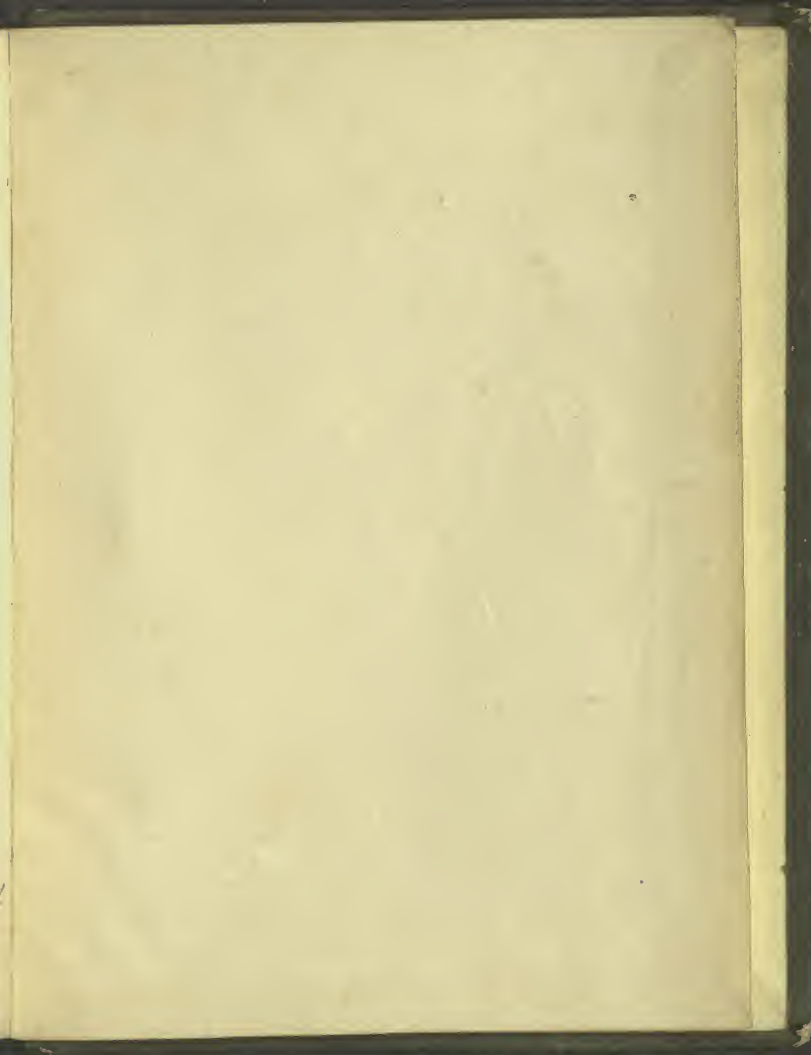
Printed by R. Sickelmore, at 45, High Street, Brighton.

---













CBC

d

PR

5167

.P93

FSL

1838

